

he was there. After he had left she said: "He's got a good face. What makes me think of him so much? It's because he was my age when I was—Phenie's age."

She thought of it all the next day. All the evening she thought of Mr. Forbes's face; there was something about the eyes suggesting eyes of long ago; a flash of fifteen years ago came blindingly to her. But the change in Phenie made her uneasy, too; the girl was happy, and seemed to be keeping her own counsel.

Once Miss Carlsford stopped her singing almost angrily, and asked her what she meant by it.

"Oh, I'm so happy," said Phenie.

"What have you got to be happy about?"

"I'm so happy to have you with me, dear Miss Carlsford. I sometimes feel that I could never get along without you. I have been lonely for years, and never knew it till you came."

"Oh, you're happy because of me, are you?" she said. "Well, that's perfectly natural. Though I have heard of ridiculous females singing when they imagine they are in love."

How she watched Phenie! But the girl had her back to her, and stood tapping on the window-pane. That would never do.

"What was the song?" asked Miss Carlsford.

"I don't know; it's a song I picked up," said Phenie, still tapping on the window-pane.

"Well, I don't like tunes that are picked up," returned Miss Carlsford, "and I'm glad you're so ashamed of your performance that you politely turn your back to me." But Phenie did not turn around.

"Come here, Josephine!" commanded Miss Carlsford. She made her kneel at her feet and gazed long upon the pretty face, holding its warm softness between her hands. She gulped, but said sternly: "It's my opinion you're blushing, Josephine Beck," then released her with a sigh. "But go away—go away," she said, "for maybe you'd convince me I am blind." For her own twentieth year looked out at her from Phenie's face and it hurt her.

After that she did not try to talk familiarly to Phenie. At the end of the month she was so far improved that she declared her intention one night, after a longer silence than usual, of going to work the next day.

"But you get your pay while here," said Phenie.

"I'm astonished at you," cried Miss Carlsford. "Have you no more honor than that? This comes of your having been alone so long. I won't take pay for doing nothing. I go to work!"

Maybe the fear of seeing Miss Carlsford going on hands and knees caused Phenie to tell Mr. Forbes, for he came the next night to dissuade Miss Carlsford from attempting anything out of the way.

"Then Phenie must stay home to nurse me," she said. "Cannot walk! I will, if I cannot," and she got up to show them, and with a cry of pain fell to the floor. After that she had to keep her chair for another month.

With much kindness, Mr. Forbes came often to see her. Not only in the evening did he come, but even dropped in for a minute or so as he was passing by during the day.

"He has quite a fancy for you," said Phenie. "Stuff!" said Miss Carlsford. "Did he say so?"

"No; but I think so."

"It's very criminal in you to misapply terms. It's his duty to come, and he knows it. I always like people to know their duty and do it. Fancy for me, indeed!"

All the same, she thought it far nicer that he had not told Phenie he had a fancy, as Phenie thought. Then, as night after night he came, she saw that he and Phenie acted like very ordinary people—no humbug, no nonsense, which she would not have permitted, standing as she did in the light of Phenie's protector. So she quite made up her mind to like Mr. Forbes. She did not know that she had quite made up her mind to like him very much till one week when he never came at all, although Phenie said she saw him regularly. Then she used to sit on quiet mornings with her eyes fixed on the little gold shells on the wall, a half-smile playing about her lips, and listen to footsteps as they came along the street by her window, almost hoping to detect his coming to her door. Her enforced rest in these new surroundings worked very oddly with her, almost threatened to bring about the radical change, indeed; made even the harsh lines in her face fade out now that the old-time scrutiny was no longer feared. She would even sit by the window and single out men in the distance as the one thought of, feeling a foolish, throbbing stir at her heart once or twice.

"What a baby I am!" she said. "What an old mummy of a baby I am! If this thing had happened fifteen years ago."

Fifteen years ago! She recollected how she had been fifteen years ago! There had been somebody whom Mr. Forbes's kind eyes seemed to recall. She recollected how she had then listened to footsteps and singled out forms in the distance, and how her foolish heart had been stirred by the most trivial thing—a word, a look, a mere nothing to be thought of, dreamed of, haloed about by hopes and fond unreasoning.

The whole time came back to her. In her great heat of thought like this one day, she raised her arm, crying dismally, "He made me as I am, a cold, hard woman—I who have ever hungered for affection and afraid to show my want," and Mr. Forbes was in the room.

"Are you ill?" he asked, bending kindly above her. She was trembling. She motioned him aside, wiping her brow with her bare hand, calling her old defensive manner to her.

"Of course I'm ill," she said. "What silly questions people ask. People always ask sick people if they are sick. Pardon me! I do not mean to be uncivil. I am tired of this monotony."

"To be sure," he said, vacantly. And she wondered if that was all he came to say. "There is something I would like to say to you, Miss Carlsford," he said, twirling his watch chain, his eyes evidently detecting a flaw in one particular little gold shell on the wall, "but I'll call again."

"Why not say it now?"

"I had hoped to find you better able to—"

"Don't mind me," she said. "I'm always well enough to hear what people have to say. It's a way I have."

He laughed, but would not tell her, and rose with a little sigh and went away.

He had come to say something and hadn't said it, and his manner was odd!

She thought and thought, as she might have thought years ago. Had her uncompromising manner deterred him? Once a flush came to her cheek. She put her hand up as though to hide the flush. Then took her hand away and shook herself.

"Sarah Carlsford," she said, "you're a greater donkey than your brother John's wife; and I couldn't say anything stronger than that. Be a man."

That night when Phenie came home she made the girl sit before her, while she told her, in a pleasant, kindly voice, that Mr. Forbes had been there.

"He told me so," said Phenie, brightly.

"Oh, he told you so, did he?"

"Yes. He was passing by, he said."

"Oh, he was passing by? Not much compliment to me, then. Did he say anything else?"

"He said he had called to speak with you, but found you rather unwell."

Then another of those silences came. Suddenly Miss Carlsford spoke:

"Josephine, do you think Mr. Forbes—a well, a lady's man!—a man for a woman to fall in love with, you know?"

With a start Phenie gave her a sharp look.

"How should I know?" she said.

All that night Phenie was quieter. For several nights she was quiet, even listless. With something very akin to jealousy Miss Carlsford observed this, and yet how could she have such a feeling? In a week she said to the girl,

"Josephine, do you ever hope to be married? I should like very much to see you nicely settled. Is there no young man—why do I say young? Of course it must be a young man. Is there none such you care for? He will get a prize in you, my dear girl."

"Please speak of something else," said Phenie.

"Because," went on Miss Carlsford, unheeding her, "I think it possible I shall not go back to the factory. Friends away from here must have me soon. I am in very great demand."

Phenie was angry and left the room, and Miss Carlsford rested her face on her hand unresenting, quite lost to her old combative manner.

"Josephine," she said, next morning, "will you ask Mr. Forbes to call here to-day?"

"I should rather not," replied Josephine, in the over-night manner.

"As you please," returned Miss Carlsford, coldly. How could there be such a feeling as jealousy here? But Mr. Forbes called that afternoon. He found Miss Carlsford for more gentle than he had supposed she could be, while her eyes were very, very kind. The hand she held out to him trembled a little.

"Nearly well?" he said.

"Nearly well," she replied. "And I am glad I go away next week," watching him keenly.

"You are not coming back to us?" he asked, surprise in his tone. "I am very sorry."

"What a fool you are, Sarah Carlsford," she said to herself.

"No," she answered aloud. "I go to some friends."

"I have timed my visit well then," he went on, in some agitation. "For I will tell you what I came to say the other day. May I?"

What was it sent another thrill to her heart as he took her hand in his. (Oh, sweet twentieth year! Oh, the time fifteen years ago!)

"Miss Carlsford," he said, "have you not seen what has brought me here so often? Have you not seen how happy I have been here, and have you not divined the cause?"

(Was the feeling she had had fifteen years ago kinder than that she had now?)

"It has been a woman that has brought me. You know that, surely?"

Yes, she knew that.

"I love that woman," he said, pressing her hand, "and I have loved her ever since I knew her. I am not a young man, and I can say this to you, who are not a very young woman, with greater ease. Besides you are in the light of her protector and friend, and I thought it best to speak to you before saying a word to her. Is there any one she cares for—a man?"

She drew her hand from his and felt she was gazing at him with no speculation in her eyes. Then with a sort of gasp, and very lightly, she said: "You need say no more, Mr. Forbes. I understand you. You are very good to come to me—very respectful. I do believe—in fact, I know without a word from her—that she returns your feeling. And, further, I know there is none other she cares for—she has told me so. Go to her now—say I sent you. Please leave me."

He came home that night with Phenie, who ran to her and cryingly kissed her.

When Mr. Forbes had gone Miss Carlsford took a bag of money from her pocket. "Josephine," she said, "here is every cent I've had since I've been here sick. It will do for a wedding present for you. I won't have money I don't earn. Besides, it is no present; I am returning some of Mr. Forbes's money to his wife."

"Oh, you are so good! Mr. Forbes was full of your praises this evening on our way here. He said you understood him so easily. And I do believe you knew how I loved him all along, and that you wouldn't own it to me till you knew how he regarded me. It was your kind care of me. If I had been alone as I used to be I should never have allowed myself to care for him; but you seemed always guiding and protecting me, so I felt I might be as free as though my mother were living. Let me kiss you, dear, dear Miss Carlsford."

"Try to embrace me without scattering my hair-pins all over the floor," said Miss Carlsford, grimly.

The next week she had left New York and was home once more. She wrote to Doctor Felton and thanked him for his prescription. She sent a present to her niece and her love to "young Winter."

"And now I've had my radical change, I hope everybody's satisfied, even if my scissored foot makes me limp a little yet. Limp! yes, that's a good word. But I'll tell them I was born that way, for they shall never know why I limp," said Miss Carlsford. And, oddly enough, her lips twitched a little, and her eyes looked tired as she said the words in the old ironical manner, ending with, "Have I acted like a man, or a fool, or—unloved woman?"

IGNORANCE IN ENGLAND.

It is not a little singular that Birmingham, the centre of English Radicalism and the headquarters of the Anglo-American caucus, should continue to be the scene of the most curious cases of superstition and fraud that belong to the modern history of crime. The "next of kin" conspiracies were manipulated at Birmingham, and the "Lord Clinton pretender" was only recently brought to grief there, but not until she had duped half the district. The latest Birmingham fraud is on a smaller scale than those, but the revelations imply an everlasting supply of ignorance and credulity in the "Hardware Village." The local journals recently contain reports of the prosecution of John Hartwell, alias "Anna Ross, the Seeress of New York," alias "Methratt, the great Seer of England," for defrauding "a large number of Her Majesty's subjects by professing a command of supernatural aid and possession of the talismanic art." Many of his victims were women and girls, and the police found it difficult to induce them to come forward and give their evidence. One of them, a Miss Grant, of Belgrave, Leicester, a young lady of great respectability, however, among others, came forward to testify against the prisoner. Miss Grant greatly amused the court, and it is recorded that even the prisoner joined in the merriment. She stated that, having heard of the astrologer's great powers from other girls who had "dealt" with him, she forwarded him half a crown for "marriage and other particulars." After the Stipendiary Magistrate had read the advertisement, amid great laughter, the case was continued. The witness stated that some of her companions had consulted the "Sybil" in the expectation that they would each marry rich and beautiful husbands and live happily ever afterward. Over 200 letters containing postage stamps and money orders were found in the prisoner's possession.

GOOD COOKING.

Amber soup is a favorite one for company dinners. It requires a bare soup-bone (say two pounds), a chicken, a small slice of ham, one onion, two sprigs of parsley, a soup bunch (or half a small carrot, half a small parsnip, half a stick of celery) three cloves, pepper, salt, and a gallon of cold water, whites and shells of two eggs, and caramel for coloring. Let the beef, chicken and ham boil slowly for five hours, add the vegetables and cloves to cook the last hour, having first fried the onion in a little hot fat, and then in it stick the cloves, strain the soup into an earthen bowl and let it remain over night. Next day remove cake of fat on the top; take out the jelly, avoiding the settlings, and mix into it the beaten whites of the eggs with the shells. Boil quickly for half a minute; then placing the kettle on the hearth, skim off carefully all the scum and whites of eggs from the top, not stirring the soup itself.

Pass this through the jelly-bag, when it should be quite clear. The soup may be put aside and reheated just before serving. Add then a tablespoonful of caramel, for coloring, as it gives it a rich color and also a slight flavor.

The famous New York Cooking School recipe for sauce Hollandaise, is a piece of butter, size of a pigeon's egg, put into a saucepan, and when it boils stir in with an egg whisk an even tablespoonful of flour; let it continue to bubble until the flour is thoroughly cooked; then stir in a half a pint of boiling water, or better, of veal stock; when it boils take it from the fire, and stir into it gradually the beaten yolks of four eggs; return the sauce to the fire for a moment to set the eggs, without allowing it to boil; again remove the sauce; stir into it the juice of half a small lemon and fresh butter the size of a walnut, cut into small pieces to facilitate its melting, and stir all well with a whisk.

For tomato sauce, stew six tomatoes half an hour with two cloves, a sprig of parsley, pepper and salt; press this through a sieve; put a little butter into a saucepan over the fire, and when it bubbles add a heaping teaspoonful of flour. Mix and cook it well and add the tomato pulp, stirring it until it is smooth and consistent.

VARIETIES.

WESTERN CORN IN EUROPE.—Considerable progress has been made in the substitution of corn for wheat and rye as the bread grain among Europeans, and as a substitute for oats and other horse feed, on account of cheapness. The disproportionate expense of transportation and handling is, however, a ruinous obstacle. Corn on the farms in the Western States bringing 25 cents per bushel, costs as much more to ship to Chicago. Adding to this the freight to Liverpool and commissions increases the cost at the latter place over 150 per cent. The average price of No. 2 corn in Liverpool is 77 cents per bushel, more than three times its price at the farm. The increased use of condensed meats, etc., in foreign countries, suggests that the economy of transportation may lead to the preparation of and trade in the condensed form of maize.

MILK AS FOOD.—At the Vermont Dairymen's Convention, Mr. Cheever, speaking of milk as food with and without its cream, said: "The robust forms of the European emigrants who use it extensively in their own countries refute the idea that milk is only fit for babies. The per cent. of water in milk is not so large compared with other foods as is generally supposed. Lean meat is dearer than milk as food. Whole milk is a more complete food for animals or man than skimmed milk, but the latter taken in connection with fat used in cookery is quite equal to whole milk. Skimmed milk is almost a perfect food for pigs in summer. They will live and grow upon it, but they need something more for fattening." Milk contains of digestible substance, album-inoids 3.02, 5 of carbohydrates, and 3.6 fat, and skimmed milk about the same, with most of the fat removed.

A HEAVY BRAIN.—It is well known that although many distinguished men have had very large brains, these have been occasionally equaled by the brains of persons who never displayed remarkable intellect. Another illustration of this has been lately published in the Cincinnati *Lancet*, by Dr. Halderman of Columbus. A mulatto named Washington Napper, aged 45 years, recently died in the hospital at that town, in consequence of purulent infection due to an abscess of the thigh. His brain was found to weigh 68½ ounces, nearly 5 ounces more than the famous brain of Cuvier. His height was six feet; his limbs are said to have been ape-like in length, his head was massive, lips thick, lower jaw prominent, but his forehead large and well developed. He had been a slave until the year 1862, and had never been regarded as particularly intelligent. He was illiterate, but is said to have been reserved, meditative and economical.

SCIENTIFIC NURSING.—There is no subject of so much general interest as this, concerning which there is, at the same time, such a widely prevalent ignorance. There are few, especially among women, upon whom will not devolve, at some time in their lives, the care of the sick; fewer still, who will not at some time become dependent upon such care; and it might naturally be supposed that matters of such primary and universal importance as sanitary conditions and the practical application in the sick room of scientific principles would be too familiar to every one to need to be further enlarged upon. But the fact is, it too frequently happens that all the scientific knowledge which ever enters the sick room comes in with the doctor and goes out again with him. This state of things requires to be improved. Knowledge and that correct knowledge we call science, is just as indispensable to the nurse as to anybody else. It is a great mistake to suppose that all women—even good women—make good nurses. The best intention and the tenderest heart may co-exist with an utter lack of executive ability, and be more than counterbalanced by ignorance and prejudice. Native aptitude gives advantage, but it cannot be relied upon alone.

HUNGER AND APPETITE.—Dr. Fournie, the French physiologist, distinguishes between hunger and appetite by describing the former as a general desire for food, no matter of what kind, while appetite is the feeling of pleasure which results from the gratification of that desire. This is proved by the fact that often, when we are not hungry, appetite comes while we are eating, or at the mere sight and smell of some favourite dish. The question as to where the seat of the feeling of hunger is, has been much discussed by physiologists. Leven asserts that it is not known at all, while Louget and Schiff believe that it is diffused through the whole body; but this latter view is disproved by the fact that in some diseases people waste away without ever having the slightest feeling of hunger. Dr. Fournie's theory is this: When meal-time arrives the glands of the stomach become filled and distended, and ready to accomplish their function of digesting the food. But if food is not introduced, they remain in this distended condition, and the result is the uneasy feeling we call hunger. Excellent proof of this theory is afforded by the habit of some Indians by eating clay to appease hunger. The introduction of the clay is followed by the discharge of the glands, and the sensation of hunger is arrested.